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EARS FOR INTONATION.



Among the varieties of humbug which have lately come under our cognisance may be mentioned a letter, which has appeared in the *Bath Express*, under the signature of H. S. FAGAN. It is a puff of the pseudo-catholic Church of All Saints, Margaret Street, which Mr. FAGAN highly recommends to Bath people staying in London. He observes that:—

"The service must delight even the most unskilful person, unless strong preconceived prejudice prevents his joining in it heartily. The Psalms he will be especially pleased with. While joining in that rapid well-managed Gregorian, he will feel that he enters more into the spirit of the Psalms, that he realises better their use and value in congregational worship than ever he did before."

And subsequently Mr. FAGAN, whose name bespeaks the Hibernian, and whose pen suggests the Jesuit decoy-goose, indulges in the subjoined impertinence:—

"And this is the service which *Punch* takes every opportunity of raising a stupid laugh against, which West End Magistrates allowed street boys to hoot down 'for fun.'"

Punch never objected to chanting Psalms, although he may not have hesitated to point out the absurdity of

singing Collects, or intoning Prayers in recitative. He has also remarked on the absurdity of burning daylight, and otherwise aping popish rites and ceremonies. How the Psalms are chanted at All Saints Mr. *Punch* does not know; only knows that Mr. FAGAN is pleased with them; and surmises that the music which charms his ears may be peculiar. *Punch* once heard a foreign Priest, officiating in the genuine service of which that which delights

Mr. FAGAN is a spurious imitation, make a noise closely resembling the bray of an ass. He is inclined to suspect that the chant admired by Mr. FAGAN at All Saints was a somewhat similar performance in the key of D, or Donkey.

THE FEDERAL FELONRY.

THE brave army under the command of GENERAL POPE does not stint itself to plunder with the strong hand. In a Federal newspaper, even, it is stated that "the troops also pass among the population large quantities of forged Confederate notes, manufactured in Philadelphia." The forces of GENERAL POPE had better be organised by distribution into divisions, each destined to carry out a special operation. One squad of these rascals, selected for service requiring the muscular strength of powerful ruffians, might be formed into a brigade under the denomination of Heavy Burglars; whilst another set of thieves, designed for nimble depredations, might take the name of Light Prigs. There might also be a scientific corps of Pickers and Stealers, capable, doubtless, of stealing anything but a march on the enemy; but particularly expeditious in stealing away. This higher department of POPE's rascality should include a body of Fausseaires who could forge as well as utter counterfeit shillings; and with these might be associated a regiment of Smashers, if it were supposable that Federal soldiers are paid in a metallic currency.

It is not probable that any of GENERAL POPE's villains march wide between the legs, because, under the present humane conditions of penal discipline, none of them could have been accustomed to have gyves on. There is doubtless more than a shirt and a half in each company of them, because, if they heretofore wanted underclothing, by this time we may be sure that they have found linen enough on every hedge. It is devoutly to be hoped, that POPE will soon have led his ragamuffins where they are peppered.

"WHY SHOULD OUR GARMENTS," &c.

"The Artists of the Nineteenth Century" have issued a declaration (published by our friend, Miss EMILY FAITHFUL, and it was delicate to use a lady's printing press in such a matter) "On the Influence of costume and fashion upon High Art." The declaration is signed by a great number of eminent men at home and abroad, and its point is to insist that people of the present day dress so hideously that they will not make pictures. A transitional change is recommended, and the Declarers affectionately remind the public that so long as they make Guys of themselves at the instigation of tailors and milliners, portraits have no value except as family memorials, whereas, if we dressed properly, the artists would make us into *tableaux* which the whole world should admire. All this is perfectly true, but what is to be done? How are we to extricate ourselves from the tyranny of the tailor and the milliner? This the Declarers do not tell us, nor was it to be expected perhaps that they should advise us how to conduct a rebellion. But why do they not tell us how they would like us to dress? Men, for instance. Are they to come out with a choice array of colour, and with a picturesque out garb, and that general amplexes and nobleness in treatment of costume, which bespeaks the grand and heroic in the wearer? In that case, and unless the Declarers have something better to recommend, which we humbly conceive to be impossible, there is one garb which fulfils all the above conditions, and renders the owner a subject for the pencil of the grand school. Need Mr. *Punch* add that such costume is His Own. My brethren, what a world this would be to live in and to paint if we were All Punches—except the Judges.

A Ticket-of-Leave that Really is Wanted.

We think that a Ticket-of-Leave might be granted with great effect to his Holiness the POPE. A little travelling at this time of the year would do him a great deal of good. The French troops might accompany him on the trip. They would be not only company for him, but would be able, also, to protect him. Should the POPE be prevailed upon to withdraw his holy person as well as his holy escort from Rome,

then the Papacy might be significantly translated into the three French magic initials P. P. C., which, we all know, are the fashionable slang for "Pour Prendre Congé." The sooner he takes that *congé* the better.

SAINTS LAID DOWN TO MELLOW.

AMONG the news from Paris we read that:—

"The tomb in white marble, erected in one of the chapels of Notre Dame to the memory of MON. AFFRE, killed at the barricades in June, 1848, is now terminated. The archbishop is represented in his soutane with the olive branch in his hand, and in the act of falling mortally wounded."

Why did not the POPE, the other day, canonising the alleged Japanese martyrs, whilst his hand was in, canonise the real martyr in whose memory the above-described monument has been erected? The Japanese sufferers are said, truly or falsely, to have been robbers and pirates, and executed as such; but there is no doubt that ARCHBISHOP AFFRE was shot in the act of attempting to stay bloodshed by persuasion. His Holiness might at least as safely have declared the undoubted peace-maker blessed as he affirmed the beatitude of the questionable victims. There is a relic, too, of AFFRE, preserved at Notre Dame; a portion of his spine perforated by the shot which killed him, and which is fixed on the point of a golden arrow that threads the perforation. No doubt this relic is as miraculous as any other in existence, and will be found so three hundred years hence, if there should then still be a Pope, who may deem it expedient to canonise a martyr to all appearance meriting the crown of one so well as the original proprietor of that section of vertebrae. It generally takes about three centuries to prepare the world for the discovery that miracles were notoriously wrought with the bones of a Saint immediately after his death. Perhaps, however, it is less likely that ARCHBISHOP AFFRE will be canonised in 2162 than that the honour of sanctity will be conferred on some of those Irish martyrs who have lately attested their faith, if not that of their spiritual teachers, on the gallows. That is to say, provided always that there shall at that future period be a Pope in being, as there may be if the physical force of civilised France is eternally to uphold popery and priestcraft in the Eternal City.



"Well, if them two'd promise to come reglar hevery mornin', I'd take a hezter arf hour in bed, while they sleep my Crossin'."

A BLANK DAY WITH THE BLACK COCKS.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"By the kindness of my friend CRACKSHOT, who has Governmental influence, I have enjoyed a day's blackcock shooting down at Coolmer Forest, and for the benefit of Cockney sportsmen like myself, I purpose now to give you some account of my enjoyment. Coolmer, as of course you know, is near the old coach-road to Sherrysmouth; and, if any of the old coaches had been extant on that road, I think they would have carried us pretty well as quickly, and certainly more smoothly than the railway carriage did which we were forced to travel by. Remembering the old saying about the early bird, and believing that the Blackcock family were birds that got up early, and might then best be met with, we passed the night at Nosehook, or a place of some such name, and started for our shooting in the cool of the morning, with the thermometer at scarcely more than ninety in the shade. Our virtue in performing this feat of early rising proved to be its own reward, for nothing else rewarded it. With the exception of a donkey, which a short-sighted sportsman might have shot at as a deer, the only game we found in the first hour and a half was a couple of wild ducks, which we might certainly have bagged if they had but been tame ones. But except SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG'S, I know of no breechloader that will kill at half a mile, and this is usually the distance at which wildfowl think it safe to rise and fly away from one.

"I don't know how M'GREGOR felt when he had his foot upon his native heath; but I must say for myself that walking on a moor is not by any means so easy as walking along Moorgate Street. Perhaps wading is a fitter name to give to it than walking, for one is more than half submerged in a perfect sea of heather, and every here and there one flounders into scarcely fathomable deeps, where a sportsman of small stature, becomes totally immersed. CRACKSHOT, who has legs of about the length of lamp-posts, of course progressed more favourably than I could hope to do, and I fear that there was more of sarcasm than sympathy in his repeated queries as to how were my poor feet.

"I have heard that on the Scottish moors the midges are a nuisance, but I'll back the flies at Coolmer to be found by far a greater one. My head was all day long enveloped in a cloud of them, and you can't think how I suffered from the buzzing biting big and little children of Beelzebub. I wished that Nature had provided them with better occupation than spending a whole morning in plaguing and tormenting us; but flies are not the only idle creatures in the world, that delight to spend their time in plaguing other people.

THE CONSTITUTION IN DANGER.

It is well known to physicians that the stoppage of any habitual outgoing from the human system, such as that which is caused by certain healing processes too suddenly occurring, is apt to occasion dangerous diseases. Corresponding effects in the body politic are to be apprehended from analogous causes. Accordingly, let the Government attend to the fact that the flow of emigration to the United States of America has now ceased, and many emigrants are actually coming back again. The retention of all those injurious agents that the United Kingdom used to give off to the United States is likely, if not remedied, to be a source of serious disorder.

HISTORICAL SAYING.—It was DIOGENES, who—returning from his long-protracted journey in search of an honest man—exclaimed with a sigh, as he blew out his lantern, "*Ma foi, le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.*" THIERS' *Petite Histoire Pour les Petits Enfants.*

"But, after all, the Blackcocks were themselves the greatest torment to us. We were under strict injunctions not to shoot the hens, and you may fancy what our feelings were at seeing five hens in five minutes rising each to a dead point, and flying off unaimed at by our deadly double-barrels. I hope that all who shoot at Coolmer are as virtuous as we were, and with as noble resolution keep their hands from hen-slaughter. The cocks too were as tantalising as we found the hens; for they kept on getting up just ten yards out of shot, and not even a wire cartridge could 'perwail on them to stop' with us. In a part of the ground called Pignoor (which owes its name to ROGER BACON calling for 'more pig' when he was at a picnic there), I spied a fine old cock upon the low bough of a fir-tree; and, like the admirer of the hapless *Lucey Neal*, I thought if I were by his side how happy I should feel. But when he saw me trying to stalk him, he wagged his old head in the most provoking manner, as much as to say 'You are a young man, but you don't get over me.' So after wading for eight hours in a Turkish bath of heat, our day's blackcock-shooting ended in our not bagging one of them; and when I tell you as a sportsman that besides black game, we saw partridges and pheasants which we also might not shoot, and plover, snipe, and wild duck which kept safely out of shot, you may conceive that our position made us somewhat think of *Tantalus*, and fancy that his torments could have scarcely equalled ours.

"There is nothing vastly funny in this narrative, it is true. But at least it serves to show what Englishmen will cheerfully submit to in their ardour for *le sport*: and a blank day's blackcock-shooting is a far more healthy pastime both for muscles and for mind than a morning spent with dominoes in the manner of our neighbours, or with the scarcely more laborious exercise of billiards. With which beautiful reflection,

"I remain, my dear *Punch*, yours most sincerely,

"RAMROD."

"P.S. Grouse-shooting was clearly a classical amusement, for we find it said of CÆSAR that '*ad Mauros projectus est*,' which evidently means that he went sporting on the Moors."

Muscular Christianity.

AMONG the parties into which the Clergy are divided there is one whose members are called "Muscular Christians." What is a Muscular Christian? The best answer we can give to this question is, that a Muscular Christian is a Strong-minded Clergyman.



MR. TOWNHOUSE TAKES LODGINGS FOR HIS FAMILY AT A FARMHOUSE IN A REMOTE DISTRICT. DELIGHTFUL SPOT; BUT THEY WEREN'T SO WELL OFF FOR BUTCHER'S MEAT AS THEY COULD WISH.

FARMER. "Now, if your lady 'ud like some nice Pork—Oh! she does like Pork!—Well then, we shall kill a Pig the week arter next."

MUTTON IN DANGER!

No danger more sensibly affects us than that which threatens our bread, except the danger which threatens our meat, but this is perhaps more dreadful than the other; for most Englishmen, and all Irishmen, would rather lose their bread than their meat, provided that they could preserve their potatoes.

For all that is said about English beef, the most popular form of animal food in England is undoubtedly mutton. Terror and alarm, therefore, cannot but be created in the minds of her MAJESTY'S subjects by the known fact that small-pox has broken out, and is still raging, among certain stocks of sheep in Dorsetshire and Wiltshire. Our mutton is in danger!

Now, if anybody expects that Mr. Punch is going to make any attempt at joking on this serious subject, as by saying that the poor sheep are much to be pitted, by perpetrating an antithesis between measly pork and variegated mutton, or by recommending the vaccination of lambs along with little children, he takes Punch for a greater fool than he is—according to the various rogues, pretenders, hypocrites, humbugs, quacks, pedants, and coxcombs whom Punch has annoyed.

What Mr. Punch does wish to do with regard to the disease which menaces him with the privation of his chops, and his haunch, his leg, his loin, his neck, his saddle, is to deprecate the madness of attempting to arrest it by inoculation. It is said that PROFESSOR SYMONDS has advised this proceeding; but such advice seems to Punch less worthy of a PROFESSOR SYMONDS than of a Simple SIMON.

On this subject Mr. Punch's opinion is fortified by that of an authority no lighter than that of SIR J. T. TYRELL whose views of Protection, so far as sheep and small-pox are concerned, are identical with his own. SIR JOHN states, in the *Times*, that sixteen years ago, when the disease occurred in Essex, a neighbour of his, whose sheep were inoculated, whilst his were not, lost ten in a day to his one; and he says:—

"I have given orders that the moment the disease appears in my flock the animal shall be destroyed. I should as soon think of inoculating for the plague or the yellow fever, now said to prevail in the River Thames."

Inoculation, as a preventive of small-pox in the Christian, and our

fellow-subjects of every other denomination, having been abandoned and condemned, why should it be practised on sheep? If the parson's flock are not to be inoculated, why should the farmer's be? The latter ought not to be inoculated for the same reason as that which forbids the former, namely, contagion; of which it is said that the poison is conveyed by starlings and blow-flies. No doubt there are many other vehicles for it than the bluebottle in which the disease is bottled, and the bird of the air which carries the infectious matter. The inoculation of sheep would probably result in the diffusion of small-pox over the South Downs to begin with, and thence throughout the kingdom. Mutton is quite dear enough as it is, and butchers thrive whilst veterinary surgeons have quite as much to do as they should. Surely none of the Wiltshire farmers will inoculate their sheep except the lineal descendants of those famous bumpkins who tried to rake the satellite of this planet out of a pool.

SONG OF THE INNER SELF.

WHAT signifies what was,
If it exists no more,
And did not constitute the cause
Of some existing bore,
Or nuisance, distant yet,
But which must one day be,
Or good I've got or have to get,
Not you instead of me?

Change of Title.

WE recollect that there was published years ago a novel, by MAXWELL, called *Stories of Waterloo*. Looking at the many fine imaginative passages in MONS. THIERS' *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire*, especially in the latter volumes, we think that the above title would indicate their contents with most felicitous justice. The word "Stories" would let the reader know at once what he had to expect.

PROBLEMS FOR PLAYGOERS.



ENTIRELY the best newspaper for breakfast is a theatrical one. If it does not satisfy one's desire for news, it never fails to furnish ample food for reflection. For instance, here are four advertisements taken from one sheet, two addressed to gentlemen, and the other two to ladies. In gallantry of course we give the first place to the latter:—

WANTED, a good **LEADING LADY**, for the Summer Season. Also, Chambermaid to sing between the Pieces; Second Low Comedian to sing.—Address, &c.

WANTED, a **LADY CHARACTERISTIC SINGER AND DANCER**, a Comic Singer, and a good Nigger. Good References. No stamps. Silence a negative. P.S.—Miss CHUMMLES own write.

The meaning of this Postscript we are puzzled to make out. Is ability to write so unusual among actresses that Miss CHUMMLES thinks it needful to advertise thus publicly that she possesses the accomplishment? If this be really so, the next debate on Education surely ought to bear some reference to the appalling fact. Then pray why is a "Chambermaid" required to sing between the pieces? Would not a housemaid do as well or a kitchen-maid or cook? We suppose that if one asked a chambermaid to sing, which is about the last thing in the world one ever would require of her, one might naturally expect her to sing some "chamber music;" but this is not at all well suited to the stage, and the requirement of a song from her is therefore the more perplexing to us.

The notices to gentlemen of which we spoke are these:—

WANTED, IMMEDIATELY, a Gent for the Entire Lead, and two Single Men for utility.—Direct, H. P.

WANTED, a **GENTLEMAN** for the **LEAD**. Also, a Walking Gentleman to combine Responsible Business.—Apply to "THE LEMMER." No stamps required. Silence a polite negative.

What is the stage difference between a gentleman and a gent? There clearly must be some distinction, or they would not thus be separately specified. In common civilised society, we should hardly think a gentleman would ever think of offering to fill a place intended for a gent; but possibly in theatres the terms are more synonymous. Again, why only single men are wanted for "utility" we cannot well make out. Surely it cannot be that actors, when they marry, cease to be of use? And then in what respect does a "gentleman for the lead" differ from a "walking gentleman"? Is it that the former, as befits a leading person, is required to keep a carriage; and for the credit of the theatre, is not allowed to walk? What "responsible business" is intended for the latter, and how he is expected to combine it with his walking, these questions quite defeat our ingenuity to solve. The business of a bill-sticker may be combined with ambulation, and country players, as we know, sometimes distribute their own bills. But such business, though responsible, is hardly such as needs a "gentleman" to execute it; and we should think a walking small boy would quite as well suffice.

Score One in Favour of America.

(Conversation on leaving Guildhall.)

Young Man from the Country. Did you ever see such monsters, such hideous Guys as those two statues?

Old Man of the World. Certainly. Ridiculous, wooden, repelling, unnatural as they may be, still against Gog and Magog, I would back the American Demagogue to go in and win!

Killing Work.

THE Yankees are always blustering loudly about going to war with England. We should regret it for more reasons than one, should such a wicked calamity ever occur, and frankly because (to mention only one of our many reasons) we should be frightened, inasmuch as we never had five minutes' conversation with a Yankee yet, without coming away with the painful conviction of what a rare adept he was in *wardering the Queen's English!*

GOOD NEWS FOR THE WHISKERLESS.

HERR SHUTEZ,

BARBER IN ORDINARY TO ALL THE COURTS OF GERMANY,

Respectfully announces that he is prepared to SUPPLY WHISKERS of any length and colour, and WARRANTED manufactured from NATURAL FACIAL HAIR, as no other growth of the human head is capable of DECEIVING THE SCRUTINISING EYES of fair observers, for whom those

LUXURIANT ADORNMENTS

are cultivated by the Lords of the Creation.

HERR SHUTEZ can warrant his Whiskers to bear the closest inspection, as he employs

SEVERAL HUNDRED YOUNG GENTLEMEN TO GROW THE REQUISITE MATERIAL.

And many of the hirsute promenaders of London and the most fashionable Watering Places are engaged at enormous weekly wages to GROW WHISKERS SOLELY for the establishment of the advertiser.

LIST OF PRICES.

Ordinary commercial cut, with natural fringe	£3	3	0
Black practicals, moderate length	4	4	0
Ditto, ditto, long and glossy, warranted grown on Rowland's Macassar	6	6	0
Lord Dandrea's—equal to nature	7	7	0
Very light fellow in the Guards style	3	3	0
Real lionine, bristly and tawny	5	5	0
Ditto, ditto, carefully weeded from carrots and grey hairs	6	6	0
A few pairs of eighteen-inch wavers, very choice	10	10	0

Whisker-growers liberally treated with, and the best price given for Early Crops. Dyed samples not required.

1, Belgrave Buildings—Knock ten times.



MADDER AND MADDER.

THE *Napoléonien* of Aveyron states that "upon the proposition of the Agricultural Society of Avignon, experiments for raising cotton in the madder lands are about to be tried on a large scale." The madder lands in question are those of France, which have become less profitable now that the American War has lessened the consumption, and the price, of articles used in dyeing. Thus much it is necessary to explain, for, considering that the Yankee may make up their minds to lose the South, you might naturally suppose that those madder lands in which experiments for raising cotton are about to be tried are the frantic Northern States. The madder lands of America surpass any that could be found in the most sanguinary of Red Republics.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—Morocco boots are now much worn on the Moors.

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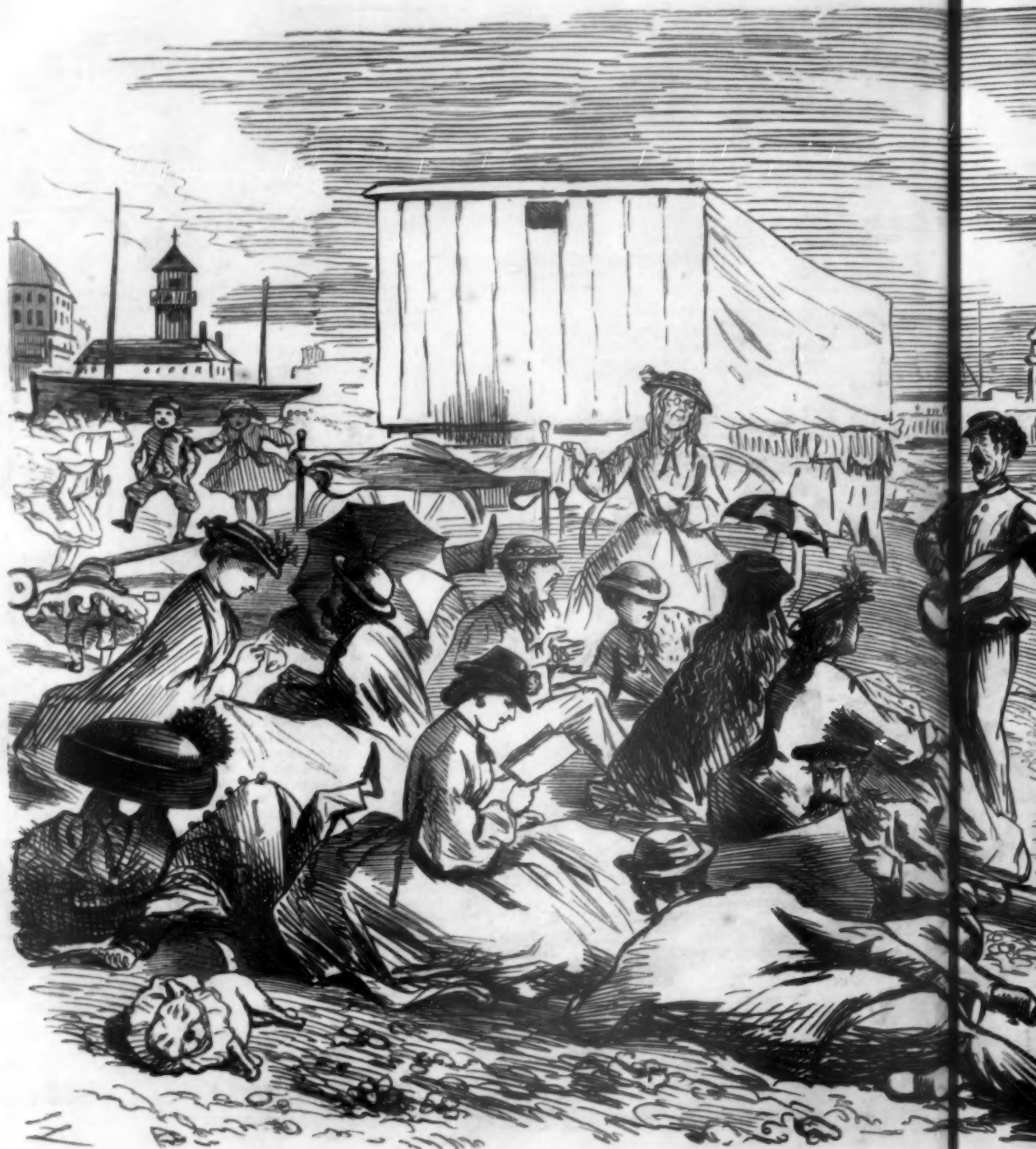
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THE BEACH—A SKETCH FOR



TOH FOR WARM WEATHER.

A HARPOON FOR WALES.

WE are informed by the journals that circulate on the frontier of the district called Wales, that there is going to be held somewhere in the Principality a gathering, which is called in the barbarous language of Wales an "Eisteddfod," or assemblage of Welsh Bards, as they call themselves. This is a nuisance of an ordinary character; but the special meeting in question is to be very large, indeed larger than has been ever held in Wales. We think we read that between six and seven hundred of the abominable Bards, who help to keep up what a Welsh Gentleman in the House of Commons had the sense and manliness to call the *Curse of Wales*, namely, the Welsh Language, are to meet at this Eisteddfod. This is well. We shall have a suggestion to make upon the subject presently, in the mean time we should like English readers to have a notion of the kind of bosh which these Bards emit. We read in the *Onestry Advertiser*, which works well for the cause of civilisation by giving much prominence to the absurdities of the Cambrians, that a lot of Bards, mixing up Bardery with the Dissenting Interest, held an Eisteddfod in a Congregational Chapel at Bala. The Bards with a sweet adherence to the lofty impartiality of the poetic character, addressed themselves to a glorification of a sectarian demonstration. As citizens they had a perfect right, of course, to sing at a Dissenting tea-party or any other gathering, but a Bard, a Bard striking his harp and hymning Mr. MIALl and the Anti-Church-rate Association! There was a Dissenting minister in the chair, who was quite justified in availing himself of whatever capital was to be made out of the Bards; and after an address about the Bicentenary, he "called upon the Bards to repeat their poetic effusions." "Which," says the report, furnished we presume by a Welshman, "was complied with by Eos WYN and RHISIANT DDU." This latter gentleman may be some relative of RODERICK or some other Doo, but we are not favoured with his lyric. Divers Bards followed, and one got ten shillings for the best "englynion" to "Corwen and Bala Railway." We have of course no idea, and desire to have none, as to the meaning of the word "englynion;" but it may be something in the way of compliment, and, at all events, a Welsh poem is fittingly and naturally addressed to Sleepers. But later in the day the following Bards repeated some poetry. DYFNWAL TEGID, DUOL MOELWYN, EOS WYN, and J. EVANS, CASTELL. The last Bard has put his Welsh ideas into English, and here they are—

"What is the distant murmur,
Falling as from the skies,
What is the voice that bids us
Children of Cambria arise;
What is the bidding that echoes
From ages long gone by,
What is that voice which calls us,
Rise to conquer or die,
'Tis the voice of your fathers long dead,
Calling from the depth of the graves,
Ye children of Cambria arise,
Defy them to call you their slaves;
We do our fathers, we rise,
Hark, hark, to that echoing cry!
We are up like our fathers of yore,
We are up to conquer or die,
Where are those that bid us be slaves,
While we stand on the earth of the free,
In the sound of wild Tegid's waves
Where murmur Trywern and Dee;
Our hearts are as free as the breeze
That bid Tegid's wild waves arise,
Then where is the man that would bid us
Be slaves, 'neath the freeman's skies;
We scorn your ways, we can despise your terrors,
There take your chains, pray keep them for your errors."

Now what does Bard CASTELL mean by all this? As for the murmur tumbling out of the skies and requesting the Welsh to get out of bed, we have no objection to that or any other poetic image. But when the Welsh are out of bed, and we will add dressed, what are they to do? Open their shops and sweep the same, and proceed with the ordinary business of life. Certainly not. They are to "Conquer or die." Conquer what? Their obstinacy and ignorance, or the difficulties of the English language, either of which operations would much tend to the improvement of the Welshman. "Or die." Never say die, Bard CASTELL. What do you want to die for? Live to drink many a draught of muddy ale, three days old, and sputter much more Welsh. But, go on, CASTELL. 'Tis the voice of your dead fathers, calling out of their graves. Why, you old humbug, you said just now that the sound came out of the sky. That won't do, CASTELL, unless your respected fathers were ventriloquists. And what do they say? "Arise." What, again. Ah, they know your habits, and won't believe you got out of bed at the first call. Well, and having arisen, what? "Defy them to call you their slaves." Defy whom? Your fathers? That is the only grammatical construction of the passage. But if not your fathers, whom? Who's *them*? Nobody else is mentioned. Do you mean the English, you traitor! If so, make over your Welsh wig, harp, pound and a half of cheese, and all other your personal estate and effects, to some trustee for your next of kin, as we intend to get SIR WILLIAM ATHONTON, Attorney-General, to have you executed, notwithstanding his Dissenting

principles being akin to yours. He will hang you as soon as not, and therefore, if you don't mean the English by "them," you had better telegraph to him to say so. But on you go. "We do our fathers, we rise." Ha! ha! No, you unfilial Bard, you don't do your fathers. They are too wide-awake old Welsh buffers to be done by their cater-wauling progeny. Not you, but you are trying to do our fathers, and their children, into a belief that you are real Bards when you are no better than bellmen. And you have the assurance to answer that you "are up—to conquer." Bards, we are up—to snuff; Welsh snuff, bards; and you are humbugs, we tell you. Ah, you have slipped out of the noose, and ATHONTON is cheated of his victim.

"Where are those that bid us be slaves,
While we stand on the earth of the free?"

And *echo answers that she has not the least idea.* Nor have we, nor have you. Therefore it is quite safe to go on bothering with a repetition of the same insane question, CASTELL. Who's "TEGID," CASTELL?—we know what's *turgid*, CASTELL. And now for your finish. "We scorn your ways." Whose ways? Have you taken heart for another shy at England? Do you scorn our ways, Cambrian? Ha! "We can despise your terrors." But we have no terrors, CASTELL, except terrors of hearing canticles like those you chant in the Congregational chapel. Terrors, indeed! But you only wanted a rhyme to errors, and we won't be hard upon you, for Mr. Punch himself has had his difficulties in that walk. You wanted to make a bang in your last line, and you majestically exclaim, "There take your chains!" But what chains, CASTELL? Those of the Menai bridge? Thank you, but they serve to aid in the civilisation of Wales. We do not know any other chains which England has imposed upon you; except the brass watch-chains, gilded, which we fear some of our Houndsditch fellow-Christians occasionally induce you, late on market or fair-day, to purchase for the decoration of your splendid Sabbath waistcoats. Boosh, CASTELL! You mean "Take your change." That, said respectfully is more becoming the mouth of a decent little Welsh shopkeeper. But we come to your final epigram. "Pray keep them for your errors." Eh? We are to chain up our errors. That is really a bold and striking image, which redeems the whole Ode. Are we to put collars round their necks?—you might mention that in your next. Come, we forgive you all your nonsense for the sake of that splendid idea—the chaining up errors, and requesting them to lie down quietly, and not bark at the Congregational Bards. Bravo, CASTELL!

This, ladies and gentlemen, is the sort of stuff which Welsh Bards offer at the Eisteddfod. CADWALLON is no more, but there is Mr. GRIFFITHS. MODRER is defunct, but there is Mr. JONES, and brave what-do-you-call-him sleeps upon his craggy bed, but Mr. THOMAS is awake and sputtering. They call themselves Bards, and the ridiculous humbug is kept up, they being as much Bards as any of the lean-legged parties who attire themselves as Foresters are akin to *Robin Hood*. Hundreds of them are going to meet somewhere—we will find out where, and,

Oh, if it please your Majesty, QUEEN VICTORIA, if you would be so kind as to recollect that you are descended from that excellent Sovereign, EDWARD THE FIRST. If your Majesty would recall an amiable trait in his character, and emulate it—there are several regiments at Chester—and Mr. Punch will, after the little operation, write an Ode that shall entirely extinguish that of GRAY.

[Our Contributor has some sense in him, and has shown a little of it in the above article, but our own private opinion is that his atrabilioussness has been excited by two bills, presented to him at two Welsh Hotels, possibly to be named hereafter. He sends us the bills, a request for a cheque, and the above contribution. If he thinks that the latter is an equivalent for the amount he requires, he will find out his mistake on returning to town; but we will "let him have his dream to-day."—Ed. Punch.]

SOMETHING SUPERFLUOUS.

MR. PUNCH perceives in the papers of this week a London advertisement beginning "FIRST COUSINS WANTED." What extraordinarily lonely man can have put this in. At the end of a season in which every house in London has had more first cousins and second cousins and third cousins in it than any non-insane architect would have declared it possible to cram into the existing arrangements, a man deliberately advertises for First Cousins. We fear he must be a bad man and of kin to the Islington Cannibal against whom we had to warn a young lady last week, and we recommend his affectionate cousins to keep out of his way, especially if they stand in his light in the family pedigree. Nobody in this International September can be advertising for cousins for any good purpose.

Notions of the Beautiful.

SCENE—A Nobleman's Country House.

First Housemaid. You've seen the young Lord? I forget his name—who arrived this morning. Don't you think he's very good looking?

Second Housemaid. Certainly—he's even beautiful! But SUSAN, dear, only think! wouldn't he look handsome in livery!



CAUTION TO LADIES RIDING IN HANSONS.

CABMEN ON CAB-LAW.

THE Cabmen of the Metropolis, desirous only of obtaining their just rights, and of obtaining them by legitimate means, have abandoned the idea of a strike, (on *Mr. Punch's* hint about licences,) and now wish to act reasonably. They have therefore drawn up the following heads of the Law, as they wish it to stand, and if public opinion is with them, they hope to get the Cab-Act amended next Session in conformity with the following memoranda:—

1. Free trade in cabs. Every driver to charge what he likes.
2. Tradesmen in other departments stick one price on the goods in the window and take another, and the Cabman ought to be allowed to do the same.
3. No person to ask for a ticket.
4. No number or badge of humiliation to be worn.
5. No number to be affixed to the cab.
6. No Magistrate to hear a case against a Cabman unless the complainant has at least four witnesses, and gives security for costs.
7. No Cabman to be obliged to go in a direction contrary to his wish.
8. No stranger to interfere in any dispute between a cabman and his fare.
9. No Gentleman, or male person, to interfere, when a Cabman has brought home ladies, and there is a difference as to the fare.
10. Any person under-paying a Cabman to be guilty of felony.
11. Any person using harsh language to a Cabman to be guilty of misdemeanour.
12. A Court of retired Cab-drivers to be established, to sit and hear any complaints by drivers, and the decision of such Court to be final.
13. Treble fares to be allowed on a wet or hot day, or on a holiday, or at any other time the said Court shall ordain.

THE STAMP OF A YANKEE.—A twopenny-halfpenny bank-note.

THE YANKEE CONSCRIPT ON CONSCRIPTION.

THEY sez, to die for fatherland, a doin' of the dutiful,
Is sweet an' comely; it du look cadaverus kinder beautiful;
But ez to bein' sweet at all, I wun't say I've a doubt on it,
For this here world of ourn ain't got no way that's pleasant out on it.

Wen dyin' of a bullet wich the docter can't extract, or
A shattered leg, an' gangreen on a comminooted fracter,
Praps you may feel sum comfort in your torter, ef your trust is
That you're a sufferin' marterdum acause you fit for justis.

But ef so be you went to war for glory, pay, or plunder,
Wut then will ease the pangs of death ez you're a writhin under?
When you reflects what acts o' yourn your agernies is owin' to,
I guess it wun't relieve 'em much to think whar you're a goin' to.

The honner you must leave below with that there crushed and gory form,
I 'gree with that old Fatsides in the playbook, ain't no chloryform,
Wun't stop the smart o' ne'er a wound, sword-cut, or stab o' bagganet:
Honner ain't wuth a cent ixcept to them ez lives to brag on it.

Neow, ef I goes to fight the South, jest s'pose a saber gashes me,
A jagged fragment of a shell rips up or round-shot smashes me,
Then, when I'm forced to bite the dust in misery, and sprawl about,
I reckon honner ain't the thing I'm like to think at all about.

Not ef I was the Gin'ral's self, and know'd when I was gone you meant
Above my mangled carkias fer to stick a marble monument,
Instead o' scrapin, where I fell, a foot or so o' mould on me,
Or leavin' me for sun to bake, an' varmin to get hold on me.

Don't think I'll volunteer for you to conker the ascendant
Of them that's as much right as we to flourish independent;
An' ef you press me, onderstand you force a man unwillin'
That ain't the sort of sojer, quite, for bein' killed an' killin'.

Press me, destroy my liberty, then you are the aggressor;
I holds my deadliest enemy, my tyrant, my oppressor.
Make me a military slave, a warfarin' white nigger on!
Mind that it ain't yourself I draws the bead, and pulls the trigger on.

A HOUSE AND A WIFE FOR LITTLE.

It has been long decided that, under certain circumstances, a man may marry on £300 a-year. How to marry and keep house on that sum is another question, which, for many of our readers, perhaps remains to be settled. In the interest of matrimony, as our neighbours say, we hasten to propose a solution of this problem, which may be accepted by some young men superior to vulgar prejudices.

How to marry and keep house on £300 a-year? First, get your wife? No. First get your house: for how can you expect that a sensible girl will have you, if you have no home to offer her? You want a good house at a moderate rent. Well, there are such houses to be had. It is well known that there are many houses at ridiculously moderate terms. Nobody will take them, for the simple reason—the very simple reason—that a horrid murder was committed in them some years ago, or that a skeleton has been found under the hearth. First, then, how to get a house to live in? Advertise for a HAUNTED HOUSE.

Next, how to get a wife with only £300 a-year to offer her? That is a small income in these days of crinoline and other sumptuous habits. It will leave a small margin for ostentation and self-indulgence. Never mind. So much the better. If you marry an inexpensive wife it is just the same as if you married "a girl with tin," as a rich young lady is termed by juvenile sages. Girls may be cheap and nice, and all the nicer and dearer for being cheap. Such girls there are with nobody coming to marry them, nobody coming to woo, because of a peculiarity which the ancient Romans adored. HORACE would have jumped at a golden-haired maiden. Advertise, then, for a wife with golden hair; call it auburn if you like, and say that you are not particular to a shade, but prefer the tint which most nearly approaches that of a familiar vegetable.

Haunted houses are almost always picturesque and snug, the finest old places that can be to smoke a pipe in and drink real wine out of antique flagons. Some golden-haired girls are among the most amiable and intelligent of their sex, and also among the most beautiful to those sensible young fellows who entertain no stupid objection to golden hair. In your old Haunted House, with your young golden-haired bride, you might be as happy as doves in a cage, or owls in an ivy-bush.

THE BITTEREST OF AMERICAN DRINKS.—The Militia Draught.



BROADWAY.

Box. "Now then, Yankee, out of the way; here's the Cavalry a-coming."

A YANKEE HICCUP.

ONE of the electric wires belonging to MR. RAUTER has been the unconscious instrument of conveyance for the subjoined ravings uttered by MR. CASSIUS M. CLAY, in a speech which he lately made at Washington:—

"England is the most unfriendly nation on earth. Her conduct on the slavery question is hellishly damnable hypocrisy. She is looking for America's downfall, but France protects America. He would not desert speaking against England. When England threatened the national existence, NAPOLEON was the firm and fixed friend of America."

"Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?" is the question which will occur to every Englishman who reads the maniacal invective delivered, as above reported, by the Yankee Cassius. The style of this furious fool resembles nothing ever heard in England out of Bedlam, except the noisy truculent drivel of a violent imbecile drunkard, in a paroxysm of *delirium tremens*, belching frantic impetuous abuse in the tap-room of a low public-house. MR. CLAY, apparently, is excessively given to moisten that base clay ridiculously adjoined to the name of a noble Roman, with brandy-smash, and other infatigating and infuriating beverages. In this way he may be regarded as a practitioner, though not an ornament, of the American Bar.

No sober Northern American gentleman, of course, could speak of England in any other terms than those of the most ardent gratitude for the marvellous forbearance which she has exhibited towards those who, loving their own pride and purposes, have subjected her to the cotton famine. Only a drunken Yankee blackguard could abuse and blaspheme her in return for the romantic generosity with which she has abstained from supplying the South with the ships and the weapons which were all that they wanted for the swift discomfiture of Yankeeedom. CASSIUS M. CLAY may pass for a stump orator; but it was evidently from no stump that he howled the false nonsense above quoted. He must have been rolling in the kennel or sprawling on the ground; it is clear that he was unable to stand or go, manifest that he was lying.

THE SEAT OF WAUGH.—A pleasant country-seat, out of creditor-range.

PITY THE POOR FOREIGNERS.

WE hear a good deal said about preventing cruelty to animals; but nobody appears to think a bit about preventing cruelty to foreigners. By the care and labour of two charitable societies, cab-horses are saved from being whipped to death, and dogs that lose their way are tenderly looked after and conducted to a refuge. Now, when such care is expended upon other living creatures, surely some one ought to start a scheme for picking up stray foreigners, and conducting them in safety whither they may want to go, and for saving them, if possible, from being much fleeced when they get there. Members of a London Geographical Society should be placed at certain distances on duty in the streets, to look out for unfortunate Mossoos who have lost their way, and are as helpless as stray sheep, and quite as likely to be fleeced.

As it is, the poor Mossoo has only the police to guide his wandering steps; and a policeman, as a rule, knows nought beyond his beat, and not one in a hundred of them could tell Mossoo the way he happens to want to know, which most likely is the shortest cut from Leicester Square to Limehouse. Besides, even if he knew what directions should be given, pray how is a policeman, who cannot speak one word of any language but his own, to make himself intelligible to Mossoo or Mynherr, who, it is nearly as presumable, does not know a word of English. Of course, the consequence is usually that Mynherr and Mossoo are in desperation driven to commit themselves to cabs, and it may faintly be imagined what miles and miles they go before they reach their destination, and how dearly, when they do so, they find they have to pay.

THE PENNY-A-LINER'S BEST FRIEND.

FROM the number of accidents that are continually occurring, we should say that the very best friend the Penny-a-liner ever had is Crinoline. The mere fires alone that have resulted from wearing that fatal garment must have cooked him many and many a dinner. In fact, we suspect that on several occasions, when at a loss for a genuine accident, that it has also fired his imagination, since it is almost impossible to believe that the innumerable casualties recorded nearly every day in the papers can all have been founded on fact. Considering the number of persons it has consumed alive, crinoline seems to have inherited the secret of the

patent of Nessus' shirt—a secret that we always thought had been for ever extinguished with the life of its first Herculean wearer. It is a cruel fashion, that, judging from the number of its unfortunate victims, must have had Moloch for its original inventor. However, though it may have been death to hundreds of ladies, still to many a struggling historian of the hebdomadal press it has proved a positive life-preserver. In fact, our old friend JENKINS declares that he is reconciled to the fashion, out of gratitude to the large profit he has derived from it, and candidly confesses that, if crinoline only continues in existence another year or two, that he shall be able to retire from the profession he has so long adorned, with a very handsome fortune.

A SNUG PLACE FOR A SMALL EATER.

WE have heard a little lately about clerical preferment, and the snug places that sometimes are stepped into through the Church. Here however, is a place which few would care to be preferred to, though it is within the giving of a Member of the Church:—

GROOM and GARDENER WANTED, to attend to two horses and two carriages, clean boots and knives, and pump daily, to wait at table occasionally, and valet a gentleman, in a small family. Wages £18 per annum, livery and stable clothes, to lodge and board out. Address the Rev. Curate, — Rectory, N-bury.

Plenty to do and little to get: this appears to be what they who answer this advertisement must look for. For a man to act as groom, and gardener, and waiter, and knife-cleaner, and shoeblack, and valet to a gentleman, besides having to pump daily and look after two carriages, he had need be pretty quick in his locomotive habits, or the odds are he will never get half through his day's work. *Figaro sa, Figaro gio, Figaro qua, Figaro la.* He must be here and there and everywhere, and always on the move, Sir, and able to do at least a dozen things at once. The power of ubiquity, combined with a small appetite, this he ought to have to fit him for the place. Eighteen pounds per annum is not quite a shilling a day, and this is no vast sum to buy one's board and lodging with. There is a text which says, "The labourer is worthy of his hire;" but whether such a hire as is offered in this instance be such as any common labourer would think worthy to accept, we leave "the Rev. Curate" at his leisure to find out.

THE NAGGLETONS.

A DOMESTIC DRAMA.

The Scene represents the Parlor, Hall, and doorsteps of a genteel house in the suburbs of the Metropolis. Various boxes, done up in white and corded, also portmanteaus and carpet bags, also a bonnet-box, and a bundle of umbrellas, sticks, and a fishing-rod, are disposed in the Hall.

Mr. Naggleton (fussing about). Now, MARIA, it is 9 o'clock.

Mrs. N. (looking as objectionable as a woman always does when she has a travelling dress on, no gloves, and a cross aspect). Well, what if it is?

Mr. N. Train starts at 9'40.

Mrs. N. That's ten minutes to ten.

Mr. N. No, it isn't.

Mrs. N. Yes, it is.

Mr. N. I tell you it is twenty minutes to ten, and we have got to get to the Station.

Mrs. N. You need not tell me that. Do you think I suppose that the train starts from this door?

Mr. N. No; but if we are to catch it, we ought to be off.

Mrs. N. What nonsense! As if we should be three-quarters of an hour going there.

Mr. N. Why no, for if we are, we shall miss the train by five minutes.

Mrs. N. No, we shan't, but you are always in such a fidget, and you like to be an hour before time.

Mr. N. Better so than an hour after it. Are you ready?

Mrs. N. I don't know. What's that noise?

Mr. N. The Cab. I sent for it.

Mrs. N. That you might have to pay the man for waiting half an hour. Just like you.

Mr. N. If you are going to keep him half an hour, say so.

Mrs. N. What then?

Mr. N. Then, I'll go into the City, and we will adjourn our departure till to-morrow.

Mrs. N. If I don't go to-day, I won't go at all.

Mr. N. If you don't go to-day, it will be your own fault.

Mrs. N. No, it will not; it will be yours.

Mr. N. How the — I mean how do you make that out?

Mrs. N. Why, you keep nagging at me, and bewildering me till I don't know whether I'm on my head or my heels. Have you got the bunch of keys?

Mr. N. I've never seen the bunch of keys.

Mrs. N. I gave 'em to you in the bedroom.

Mr. N. You did nothing of the kind. There they are in your basket.

Mrs. N. Then you must have put 'em there.

Mr. N. How could that be when you had the basket on your arm all the time. But you've got them—what else have you got to dawdle for?

Mrs. N. Oh, there! I declare I had rather stay in town all the rest of my life than be hunted and driven like this. Have you written the directions for the luggage?

Mr. N. Lor, woman, yes, and stuck 'em on an hour ago.

Mrs. N. I dare say they'll all come off in the journey.

Mr. N. I dare say they'll do nothing of the kind.

Mrs. N. You know they all did when we went to Boulogne.

Mr. N. I know that one did, which was your own putting on. Mine I pasted firmly on that occasion, and they are on the boxes now.

Mrs. N. Yes, disfiguring them, and making them look like I don't know what.

Mr. N. Can't we finish the Boulogne dispute in the cab, as the time is getting on? But you like to be late—you think it fine.

Mrs. N. How can you talk such rubbish?

Mr. N. I ask you again what—the what are we waiting for?

Mrs. N. We are waiting till I am ready, and are likely to wait till then.

Mr. N. I wish I knew within half an hour or so how soon that would be, because I would like a stroll and a cigar.

Mrs. N. You would vex the soul out of a saint.

Mr. N. I never had the chance of trying. But, my dear, I should like to go to Worthing to-day, unless you have any strong objection. (Rings.)

Mrs. N. What are you ringing for?

Mr. N. SARAH, to see the boxes in the cab.

Mrs. N. She is up-stairs with the children.

Mr. N. What business has she there?

Mrs. N. I sent her.

Mr. N. Pray, what for? Where's MORTON, whose business it is to attend to them?

Mrs. N. Perhaps, HENRY, you will permit me to manage my servants in my own way?

Mr. N. It seems to me that they manage you.

Mrs. N. I can't answer such vulgarity.

Mr. N. I know you can't answer what I say. But, once more, who is to attend to the boxes, if you send the servants out of the way in this ridiculous manner?

Mrs. N. You have no more feeling for your children than a stone. I desired the servants to stay up-stairs with the poor things, that they might not know that we were going away.

Mr. N. Pack of nonsense, they must know it half-an-hour later, and what's the sense of spoiling children in that absurd way?

Mrs. N. It's very little chance our children have of being spoiled, HENRY. I do not suppose that there is another father in this terrace who would be happy in leaving town without taking his children with him.

Mr. N. Now, how in the name of everything that is—

Mrs. N. Your language is getting perfectly horrible, HENRY. They say such things are a sign of incipient softening of the brain. I hope it may not be true, but Dr. WINSLOW is certainly an authority.

Mr. N. Bosh! I was only saying how could the children have gone with us, when JAMES expressly said in his invitation that he had only one room to offer?

Mrs. N. And you were so eager to accept that invitation, while if we had accepted AUNT FLAGGERTY's, we could all have gone; but AUNT FLAGGERTY doesn't fish, and smoke, and drink gin-and-water in the evening.

Mr. N. It may be so.

Mrs. N. HENRY! If you dare to insult a relative who is so dear to me, in your own mind, common decency might induce you to keep such sentiments to yourself.

Mr. N. I never said a word against the old lady. But I certainly had no great inclination for evenings of reading AUNT, and soda-water and bed-room candles at half-past nine.

Mrs. N. Of course you think of nobody but yourself.

Mr. N. Yes, I think of you, and how pleased and amiable you will look when we get to the terminus and find the doors closed, as we certainly shall.

Mrs. N. We shall do nothing of the kind.

Mr. N. I believe you are right, we shall find them open again, and the clerks giving tickets for the next train, which does not go to Worthing.

Mrs. N. It will be all your own fault if we do, standing here annoying me instead of putting the boxes into the cab.

Mr. N. It's not my business. Let the servants do it.

Mrs. N. There, hold your tongue. I will do it. (Seizes a vest box.)

Mr. N. MARIA, are you mad?

Mrs. N. It is enough to make me so, being nagged and worried as I am.

Mr. N. Here (opens street-door) Cabman!

Cabman. Here you are, Sir!

Mr. N. I know that, but I want you here. Put these things in and about the cab.

Cabman. Heavy load, rather, Sir, ain't it, Sir? How many might be going, Sir?

Mr. N. There might be twenty, but there are but two.

Mrs. N. That is right, HENRY, and just like you. Standing to exchange wretched jokes with the lower orders, and every minute valuable, if we are to catch the train.

Mr. N. Go ahead, my good fellow. I'll make it right.

Cabman. All serene, Sir.

(Attacks the boxes.)

Mrs. N. That's just like you, HENRY. First you joke with an inferior, and then, of course, you undertake to pay him whatever he may try to extort. Yesterday, poor PETER could not have a new cart, because it was throwing away money, but his father can give anything to an insolent cabman.

Mr. N. We shall have a break-down with all that luggage as sure as eggs is eggs. Ah, the first MRS. NAGGLETON travelled with one portmanteau.

Mrs. N. The second MRS. NAGGLETON happens to be a Lady.

[At this point the conversation of course begins to grow too terrible for publication, but they get off at last.]

A MAN TO BE SOLD.

THE intelligent foreigner of course is well aware that we are used to sell our wives in Smithfield when it pleases us. But that men as well as women are sometimes sold in England, the following advertisement will place beyond a doubt:—

NOTICE.—If Mr. F., who took apartments at 44, C— Street, don't come for the DOG which he left there within three days he will be SOLD, to cover the expenses.

If we believe our LINDLEY MURRAY, we must see quite clearly that the "he" who "will be sold" is unhappy "Mr. F." And unless the advertiser intended to write slang, we must imagine that the sale will be a mercantile transaction, resulting in the passing of Mr. F.'s own person to the holding of whoever offers the best price for him. Seeing this with his own eyes stated in a public print, will not the intelligent foreigner go home with the conviction that the Slave Trade does exist in England, however we may try to give denial to the fact?

CALL RACE
Matches for the first prize from 100 to 1000
For the second prize from 100 to 1000
For the third prize from 100 to 1000
For the fourth prize from 100 to 1000
For the fifth prize from 100 to 1000
For the sixth prize from 100 to 1000
For the seventh prize from 100 to 1000
For the eighth prize from 100 to 1000
For the ninth prize from 100 to 1000
For the tenth prize from 100 to 1000
For the eleventh prize from 100 to 1000
For the twelfth prize from 100 to 1000
For the thirteenth prize from 100 to 1000
For the fourteenth prize from 100 to 1000
For the fifteenth prize from 100 to 1000
For the sixteenth prize from 100 to 1000
For the seventeenth prize from 100 to 1000
For the eighteenth prize from 100 to 1000
For the nineteenth prize from 100 to 1000
For the twentieth prize from 100 to 1000
For the twenty-first prize from 100 to 1000
For the twenty-second prize from 100 to 1000
For the twenty-third prize from 100 to 1000
For the twenty-fourth prize from 100 to 1000
For the twenty-fifth prize from 100 to 1000
For the twenty-sixth prize from 100 to 1000
For the twenty-seventh prize from 100 to 1000
For the twenty-eighth prize from 100 to 1000
For the twenty-ninth prize from 100 to 1000
For the thirtieth prize from 100 to 1000
For the thirty-first prize from 100 to 1000
For the thirty-second prize from 100 to 1000
For the thirty-third prize from 100 to 1000
For the thirty-fourth prize from 100 to 1000
For the thirty-fifth prize from 100 to 1000
For the thirty-sixth prize from 100 to 1000
For the thirty-seventh prize from 100 to 1000
For the thirty-eighth prize from 100 to 1000
For the thirty-ninth prize from 100 to 1000
For the fortieth prize from 100 to 1000
For the forty-first prize from 100 to 1000
For the forty-second prize from 100 to 1000
For the forty-third prize from 100 to 1000
For the forty-fourth prize from 100 to 1000
For the forty-fifth prize from 100 to 1000
For the forty-sixth prize from 100 to 1000
For the forty-seventh prize from 100 to 1000
For the forty-eighth prize from 100 to 1000
For the forty-ninth prize from 100 to 1000
For the fiftieth prize from 100 to 1000
For the fifty-first prize from 100 to 1000
For the fifty-second prize from 100 to 1000
For the fifty-third prize from 100 to 1000
For the fifty-fourth prize from 100 to 1000
For the fifty-fifth prize from 100 to 1000
For the fifty-sixth prize from 100 to 1000
For the fifty-seventh prize from 100 to 1000
For the fifty-eighth prize from 100 to 1000
For the fifty-ninth prize from 100 to 1000
For the sixtieth prize from 100 to 1000
For the sixty-first prize from 100 to 1000
For the sixty-second prize from 100 to 1000
For the sixty-third prize from 100 to 1000
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For the sixty-sixth prize from 100 to 1000
For the sixty-seventh prize from 100 to 1000
For the sixty-eighth prize from 100 to 1000
For the sixty-ninth prize from 100 to 1000
For the seventieth prize from 100 to 1000
For the seventy-first prize from 100 to 1000
For the seventy-second prize from 100 to 1000
For the seventy-third prize from 100 to 1000
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For the seventy-sixth prize from 100 to 1000
For the seventy-seventh prize from 100 to 1000
For the seventy-eighth prize from 100 to 1000
For the seventy-ninth prize from 100 to 1000
For the eightieth prize from 100 to 1000
For the eighty-first prize from 100 to 1000
For the eighty-second prize from 100 to 1000
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For the eighty-seventh prize from 100 to 1000
For the eighty-eighth prize from 100 to 1000
For the eighty-ninth prize from 100 to 1000
For the ninetieth prize from 100 to 1000
For the ninety-first prize from 100 to 1000
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For the ninety-seventh prize from 100 to 1000
For the ninety-eighth prize from 100 to 1000
For the ninety-ninth prize from 100 to 1000
For the hundredth prize from 100 to 1000
For the hundred-first prize from 100 to 1000
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